The Liberalist

Volume XXXVI MARCH, 1960 Number 12

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The Edgewater Beach Hotel

5300 Sheridan Road

Phone—Longbeach 1-6000

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

7:00 p.m.—FM Radio Station WEBH

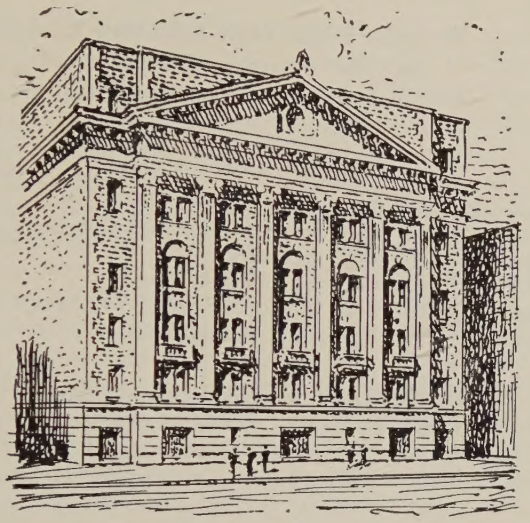
is now broadcasting the SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

of

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH

This is the first time in the thirty-four year history of the Sunday Evening Services that these services have been broadcast. If you have an FM radio, won't you "listen in" on Sunday night and let Dr. Bradley know what you think of this broadcast. Just drop a post card or letter to

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

A LENTEN SERIES

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
In The Peoples Church
Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

• • •

11 a.m.

Sunday, March 20—"By Sea and Land"
(Evening, 7:00 p.m.)—"Are We Losing Latin-American Friendship?"
Sunday, March 27—"Life's Central Test"
Sunday, April 3—"Christianity: Form or Force?"
Sunday, April 10—PALM SUNDAY: "Hail and Farewell"
(Sunday Evening Subjects will be announced weekly.)

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WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—8 p.m.

Wednesday, March 30—"What I Believe About God"
Wednesday, April 6—"What I Believe About the Bible"
Wednesday, April 13—"What I Believe About Jesus"

• • •

HOLY WEEK

Erlanger Theatre—127 N. Clark St. (Loop)
12:10 to 12:40 p.m.
Theme: "Christ and Creative Living"

Monday, April 11—"Christ and Hope"
Tuesday, April 12—"Christ and Faith"
Wednesday, April 13—"Christ and Truth"
Thursday, April 14—"Christ and Love"
Friday, April 15—"Christ and Suffering"

In the Peoples Church
8:00 p.m.

Thursday, April 14—Communion Service
Friday, April 15—"Earth's Greatest Tragedy"

• • •

EASTER

In the Peoples Church
Sunday, April 17, 1960

9:00 a.m.—"Consecration"
(New members received and Christenings)
11:00 a.m.—"The Life Indestructible"
5:00 p.m.—"The Life Beautiful"
7:00 p.m.—"My Hope Grows Stronger"

• • •

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

11:00 a.m.—WLS—the Sunday Morning Service
5:45 p.m.—WCFL—a Vesper Broadcast
7:00 p.m.—WEBH-FM-93.9—the Sunday Evening Service

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THROUGHOUT Christendom the faces of millions of people are turned toward the Lenten Season. For the orthodox and liturgical churches it is always the most active period of the church year. This is to be expected; but during the last few years I have seen many evidences that the more liberal Protestant churches and the Unitarian-Universalists are beginning to emphasize the spiritual significance of the Lenten season. Years ago, when the liberal churches paid no attention whatever to the meaning of Lent, I often thought they were missing something vital and important.

Our church, through my entire ministry, has always emphasized the Lenten Season. We have never used it as an opportunity to advance some dogmatic position theologically. I have felt all along that the Lenten environment was favorable for the presentation of liberal religious attitudes; that it was not necessary to observe the Lenten Season by emphasizing constantly aspects of orthodox Christianity which the liberal no longer accepts. But the environment is favorable to the presentation of the basic and fundamental spiritual laws of life. The press, the radio and the pulpit create an atmosphere and focus attention on religion and I have always felt the liberal churches did not take advantage of this environment. Now there are many evidences that our liberal and Unitarian-Universalist churches are not ignoring the season, but are utilizing it as an opportunity.

I have been asked frequently during the past years why the Peoples Church should pay any attention to Lent or Holy Week or Easter because we do not accept the orthodox position. This always gave me an opportunity to advance what I think is real spiritual truth. For years I have preached every noon during Holy Week in the Erlanger Theatre, one of Chicago's largest theatres and located in the heart of the Loop. I have always used instructive, creative themes and never have used the occasion as an opportunity to attack or criticize the religion and faith of another denomination or point of view. I know from experience that many people who are not attracted or interested in orthodox religion attend the Lenten Services of our church in the theatre and the week-night services which we hold; and many of the fine members whom we have are people who were churchless before this opportunity arose.

It is possible to observe every occasion in the orthodox church calendar in the liberal church, if we stop our bickering over the historicity of personalities and incidents and extract the spiritual significance.

The Lenten Season is always the most inspiring and productive period in our whole church year. Our Lenten Manual this year, published by the Council of Liberal Churches, is a fine example of what I mean. The work which Mr. Hopkins has done in selecting the best material which has been published through the years in our Lenten Manuals makes this year's manual, I think, the most inspiring and most valuable for the development of spiritual culture of any we have ever published. The demand for it in my church is such that we cannot keep up the supply.

The title for the anthology, "Imprints of the Divine," is not only highly descriptive, but it is in the finest tradi-

tion of the quest for spiritual reality. There are more and more of the liberal churches throughout the nation who are emphasizing some aspect of the Lenten Season. And this gives me a deep personal gratification because we have done it for nearly 48 years, and this year are planning the most comprehensive and creative Lenten Season we have ever had.

* * *

I am writing this "Along the Way" just a few hours before June and I leave for New York to sail on the "Mauretania" to the West Indies, and one of the many matters about which I have been engaged these rather hectic last few days has been outlining carefully the title and service of every one of the services which will be held by our church during the Lenten Season.

I am returning to my pulpit on Sunday morning, March 20th, and will preach twice every Sunday until Easter Sunday on some religious theme. Holy Week I shall preach every noon. It will be my 34th year of preaching in Chicago's loop during Holy Week.

Just a block away from the theatre where our services are held 1200 Chicago churches unite for Holy Week in the Chicago Temple. The Erlanger Theatre seats more people than the Chicago Temple, and only five or six churches of our Unitarian-Universalist Association are cooperating in our services; yet at the closing service hundreds are turned away, unable to get into the theatre.

This was a pioneer effort on the part of liberal religion in the City of Chicago, for up until these services were started in the loop, the liberal religionists of Chicago had no citywide effort. I read a great many calendars from the Unitarian-Universalist churches throughout the nation. Many come to my Study desk every week, and it has been most gratifying to see how increasingly our clergy are using subjects that have a much deeper significance than merely turning the pulpit into a lecture platform in which timely problems, economic and political, are discussed. There is a place for that type of activity in the church, and our church is filled with various forums, lectures and meetings, in which the secular subjects are handled competently by authorities in their field, but during the Lenten season the pulpit is concerned only with deepening the spiritual foundations upon which all else depends.

You will notice on another page of this month's Liberalist a complete program of our Lenten activities. I hope many of our readers in the metropolitan area will find it possible to attend many of these services.

Our associate pastor, the Rev. Virgil Kraft, is doing all the preaching while I am out of the country.

Inasmuch as our Liberalist goes into many, many states and several foreign countries, perhaps some reader would like to see a copy of "Imprints of the Divine," our anthology of Lenten meditations. If you will write to the Peoples Church of Chicago, we will be very happy to send you one unless our supply is exhausted.

* * *

Our annual series of book lectures which I give on Wednesday evenings came to a conclusion on Wednesday, February 10th, when one of the largest audiences of the series, in spite of rain and sleet, attended. I spoke on "Adventures of the Mind," a series of essays on a wide range of contemporary problems, by various authorities. The interesting introduction was written by Mark Van Doren.

The book which drew the largest book lecture audience was Allen Drury's "Advise and Consent," on which I spoke the first Wednesday of the month. The interest of people in the mechanics of their own government and particularly in the legislative area I think is responsible for the continuing wide interest in Allen Drury's book. If one is at all familiar with the personalities involved in the Congress during the period of which he writes, one has little difficulty in recognizing the sources of some of his characterizations, although he has selected qualities of several congressmen and planted them into one personality.

The book is a book of fiction and ought to be remembered as such. Macauley tells us that history is "the fact to find the principle" and "fiction is the principle to find the fact," and it was Emerson I think who said "There is no history, only biography." What Drury has done in this book it seems to me is to state the principle and then, through a wide knowledge of the personalities in Congress, has been able to construct a factual presentation.

Our book lectures have just closed their 27th season, and I am told by "Publisher's Weekly" they are the oldest continuous book lectures in the United States. We hope to continue them next year.

1959 was productive in the field of good books, although there were many published of little consequence and of no permanence. I have been glancing over the publishers' lists for 1960. They indicate that some important books are on the way.

* * *

Chicago has many annual conventions and expositions of all sorts. Except when I am speaking to some of the banquets held in connection with some of the conventions, I never get to see many of the expositions. But there is one I never miss and never permit anything to interfere with. That is my attendance at the Annual Boat Show. This year was no exception. Although it came at a very busy time, I kept one whole afternoon and one evening to attend the National Boat Show. It was held in the International Amphitheatre and nearly a thousand boats were on display.

The increase of interest in boating in this country, from the half horsepower of the outboard motor to the palatial yacht, is one of the most striking things which has happened in America. People have become boat conscious as never before. To those of us who have loved ships all of our lives this is gratifying. The interest in water and water sports cannot help but assist in the conservation of our out-of-doors. The effect of this interest on the problem of pollution will be enheartening to those of us in the Izaak Walton League who have been battling against pollution for many years. People are becoming more outdoor-conscious than ever in my lifetime. This is good.

I never remember when I did not own a boat. My first one was a handmade rowboat about ten feet long, made by my father. I was born on the banks of the Shiawasee River and spent my youth along that lovely stream. I learned to swim in it almost as soon as I learned to walk. I skated on its frozen surface all the Winter through. I tied the little boat my father made to a stump on the shore. I could see the boat from the bedroom in which I slept as a boy.

The earliest ride I ever had on a big boat was from Detroit to Mackinac Island on the old side-wheeler, "City of Mackinac." My reactions to that initial experience afloat are as definite and vivid to me, as I write these lines,

as they were when I had the experience, and that was a long, long time ago.

I was born with a love for the sea and for ships and am never more relaxed and at peace with myself and the world than when I am on a ship. I have crossed the Atlantic so many times I have lost count of them, but can recall every trip. I have been in little ships and big ones of all kinds.

The most interesting and stormy voyage I ever made was from Reykjavik, Iceland, to Bergen, Norway, in a little ship called "The Meteor," which was the Kaiser's private yacht and was given to the Norwegian government after the First World War. The ship itself had an interesting history, for it was built in the United States shipyards and was christened by Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Those northern waters between Iceland and Norway are usually turbulent and restless, but this trip the waters were unusually disturbed. I slept on my stateroom floor, with my bags on one side of me and the wall on the other, to keep from rolling. It was impossible to remain in the berth; yet I enjoyed every minute of it.

I went out to the Boat Show at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Bradley, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Landmark joined me for dinner in the Stock Yards Inn, and we left just before the Show closed for the night.

Boats, boats, boats everywhere, of all colors, kinds, shapes and speeds. The orchestra leader's, Guy Lombardo's, "fastest ship afloat" I understand was there. Designers of the boats in the class exhibited apparently have been influenced by the automobile designers, because some of the boats had fins. While a fin may be more appropriate for a ship than an automobile, as for me I dislike fins both on boats and automobiles.

The attendance was the largest in the history of the Boat Show, and on Sunday alone 45,000 people were at the exposition. Most of them were not there as purchasers, but they were enjoying vicariously the pleasures of boating. Of course with the tremendous increase in the number of boats on the streams and lakes of America there will be greater need for care and caution and safety. Navigation is a scientific procedure and the rules of the road are applicable to little boats as well as large ships. In the Great Lakes area the large lake ships are always spoken of as boats: ore boats, coal boats; but on salt water the word "boat" is never used in connection with a ship. They are always "ships."

As long as people's interest in boating continues there will be no lessening of interest in the out-of-doors. The sum-total of all this renewal of interest and activity will result in the well-being of society. Most of us spend our lives amid the things which man has made. We walk on pavements, our lights are artificial, and we live in an environment which is a challenge to the deeper realities of our being. The more we absorb the realities of nature, the more competent we are to face the superficialities of much of our modern living. I welcome this renewal of interest in boating. It is a fine hobby and ought to be encouraged.

* * *

The other afternoon I was invited to address the Portage Park Woman's Club and to give them a book review. The book they chose for review was "Dear and Glorious Physician," by Taylor Caldwell. Through the years I have spoken often to the Portage Park Woman's Club. The first time I ad-

dressed the club was in 1916, 44 years ago. I can recall that first appearance vividly. During the years I have spoken occasionally before the club and I was particularly happy to be on this year's program. They meet in the auditorium of Portage Park Field House. It was packed to overflowing and I had the opportunity of meeting old friends, including two women who were present at my first lecture so long ago.

Almost every time I lecture anywhere, someone will come up to me and say: "You gave my commencement address when I graduated from High School 30 or 40 years ago"; "You conducted my marriage ceremony 25 years ago"; "You christened our children"; "You spoke on our lecture course." I could go on and on enumerating experiences of contacts of this character. There is a little pang in it, but there is also great exhilaration.

I was on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club Program recently and was surprised to learn that I gave the graduating address for the class in which Don McNeill was a member when he was graduated from the Sheboygan, Wisconsin, High School many years ago. His expression of appreciation for what that address meant to him and how it has influenced his whole life is the greatest compensation one could have. That is one of the reasons why I believe in the long pastorate. These preachers who jump around after five or six years here or five or six years there, never get their roots deep down into the lives of people.

I had 64 people present in my first congregation 48 years ago, and while I had opportunities several times to go to much larger churches I refused them all, and today I am glad I did.

* * *

The month of February has been an unusually busy month, with not only the pastoral activities, but the outside speaking engagements as well. I have preached fifteen funeral sermons and tried not to neglect the ill. I get a list of the sick of our church after every Sunday morning service, and I see every person on that list before the next Sunday.

Well, my space is gone! Thursday, June and I will be on the Atlantic, but wherever we are we will be thinking of you and our church. We will see you Sunday morning, March 20th.

Keep looking up!

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM DR. BRADLEY

To The Church Membership

On Sunday, March 20th, immediately at the close of the morning service, a legal meeting of the members of the church will be held in the sanctuary for the purpose of voting on the question of Unitarian-Universalist consolidation. In order to vote members must be present in person; ballots by mail will not be permitted. The meeting is not expected to take more than fifteen minutes. Unitarian and Universalist churches and fellowships throughout the country are holding similar plebiscites. If sixty percent of the congregations in each denomination vote and if seventy percent of those voting give their approval, the Joint Merger Commission will recommend the adoption of the consolidation plan to the meetings of the A.U.A. and the U.C.A. in Boston in May 1960. If these requirements are not met, all efforts aimed at uniting the two denominations will be discontinued. Should the plebiscite be favorable, however, and the two bodies adopt the proposed plan, consolidation would become effective in May of 1961.

I urge every member who can possibly be present on March 20th to do so.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

MAN is the highest expression of the whole evolutionary process. Man is the center of the cosmos. And when it becomes increasingly complicated for man to live in the dignity of the human personality, then we are compelled to take off the barnacles and the subterfuge, the artificial and the transitory, and find our way back again to the elementalism and the true fundamentalism of the human spirit. That means the spiritual approach. If man cannot develop the strength which comes with the simplicity of his own relationship to God, to his friends, to his home, man shipwrecks himself and becomes at the mercy of this complicated society, which intrudes upon the dignity of the human personality.

We need to learn the strength of simplicity. The greatest forces in this world are the silent forces. No one yet ever heard the sun rise. No one yet ever heard a humble little flower unfold to the morning sun. No one yet ever heard the law of gravitation. No one ever heard the beauty of love. The greatest powers in this world are the silent powers. So with life. The greatest powers are the simple ones: falling rain on a cabin roof, surrounded by sentinel pines. A little child running up to you and putting out its arms.

Mr. Moody was one time working on one of his sermons, and the law of his study was that when his door was closed he was never to be interrupted. It became bedtime for his little boy, and the door opened softly. The little boy knew he was intruding, but he said: "Daddy, I know I shouldn't do this, but I couldn't go to sleep without telling you how much I love you." He ran into the arms of his great father, and Mr. Moody, with tears in his eyes, thought: "The simplicity of this little boy's love has written the sermon tonight!"

When Dr. Albert Schweitzer received the Nobel Prize, $40,000, he spent it all for corrugated roofs for his lepers in Lambarene. And when he got out of a third-class railway carriage in Gunsbach, and his friends said, "Why did you come third class?" He answered, "Because there wasn't any fourth class." True greatness in the beauty of simplicity!

Choir Notes

We do appreciate the splendid work of our choir under the fine leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett.

All the friends of Mrs. Wilma Kirchoff of 2842 Orchard St., and Mrs. Leo Justice, of 916 W. Lakeside, both members of our choir, will be happy to know that both have been released from their stay in the hospital.

"PROTECTING POWER"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
JANUARY 31, 1960

THERE are two verses from the ancient scriptures that I'm going to quote for you as the prelude to our thought of the morning. The first is from that ancient poet, the like of which has never graced any other literature of the world, the poet David, who wrote the Psalms. And the second is from the mind of the philosopher Paul, who wrote in the Book of Romans in the New Testament and the Third Chapter and the First Verse, the other sentence around which I want to build our thought for the morning.

In the Eighty-fourth Psalm you will find this sensitive heart—most sensitive. All great poets are sensitive people. All creative people are sensitive people. And it is the quality of their sensitivity which determines their mastery of life. And probably in all of the literature of the ages there has never been a poet quite like David the Psalmist, with the imagery, some of it oriental, most of it confined to a temperamental mood, which is very reasonable to expect. But David had a sensitivity about life and about people. He experienced life in all of its gradations. He was a sinner, he approximated sainthood. Because he had touched life in so many areas he was able to philosophize about life constructively and creatively. It was his knowledge of the experiential factor of life coupled with his sensitivity that gave him his understanding heart. And in one great passage of the Eighty-fourth Psalm he uses this poetical language—it is sheer poetry, it is beautiful symbolism, it requires further study and analysis to appreciate it but let us listen to these words: "He came to the valley of tears and He made it a well of springs." That sentence alone conjures up an image in every thoughtful and feeling heart; it tells the story and the tragedy and the victory of life.

The second is from Galatians, the Third Chapter and the First Verse in which you will read these words: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers." Our subject is the power which protects. A Protecting Power. Does it exist, is it available, what technique is it necessary to use in order to experience in your life and mine this protecting power? What are the interferences that stand in the way of the full manifestation of the power? Is there a power of the cosmos? A power of the eternal, creative spirit? The power of the divine pull on the human life into areas and regions of height and beauty? A power that continually indicts us against the filth and the mediocrity, the cheapness and the shoddyness of life.

Is there something within the heart of man that continuously beats away and says to man's finest instincts: "Don't do that, that will scar you and

hurt you and mar you. That will prevent you from the highest fulfillment of your own potential. And is there any greater tragedy in this world for an individual than the tragedy which you and I see so frequently all about us, of people who are personally endowed with fine minds, fine and rarefied emotions, fine spiritual potentials, and then to see that life disintegrate, dissolve and decay, right in your presence? Is there any greater heartache in the world than the heartache of a parent who realizes the possibility of a child, in the natural endowment of that child and then to see it all disappear and be frittered away in the fantasy of temporary pleasure? Is there anything in this world more heart rending than to see someone you know, perhaps love, and who is endowed with fine basic characteristics and qualities, and then see the manner in which those basic qualities are dissipated and disappear, is there anything more tragic than that? And are you and I the kind of person that when we come in contact with such a life find that life a valley of tears. For that's where decay and disillusion always end. That is always the terminus, always tears. The more sensitive a person is the more intellectually acute they are; the more they are endowed with great spiritual propensities; and the greater the failure of the realization of all these the greater and the more agonizing is their heartache. Mediocrity does not experience that, only a fine, rarefied life experiences that. Then comes the agony of failure. It was another poet who wrote the truest sentence in our language. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been.' " That is life's greatest tragedy, none greater.

Now is there a power that we can find—a protecting power that will enable us to do something about that? Of course there is! And that power is always available, it's always accessible. The presence of the spirit of love has never been denied an individual yet; though that individual may be in the deepest filth of the gutter, that power has never been denied him. It's there. And it seems to me that the mission of the church and the mission of the sermon, the mission of every beautiful thing in the world is to somehow awaken that heart to that truth that you are not worthy of this failure and decay. You were born for something better. You were designed for something higher. You were designed for something finer. And then someone comes into our lives when we are in the valley of tears and they leave our lives a great place of beauty and of love—springs of life. That's what the poet meant. He found a valley of tears and he made it a place of springs.

Then leaping across several centuries we find another soul saying: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers." There is a higher power. There's a higher power than any of us knows. Our lives are spent in an effort to make contact with that power. And when we do make contact with that power we turn the valley of tears into beautiful wells of inspiration and love. I covet, as I covet nothing else in this world, the opportunity to bring that well-spring to someone's life this morning. Someone out there, someone in here . . . someone struggling, failing, worried, sick, tired or in consternation or confusion. Look at the faces of the multitudes on State Street. I walked among them yesterday. The tenseness, anxiety, disillusionment, disappointment, frustration, ambition, pride, they were all written there. And I thought: "Valley of weeping" and it all could be different.

No greater tragedy has settled down

in many respects on anyone in the whole history of the American Theater like that which settled down upon the life of Diane Barrymore. Face to face with that tragedy we've all been this week. I knew Diane Barrymore. I knew her mother, Michael Strange; her half-brother Robin Thomas played with our players, and Michael Strange came on from New York to see the play which Jimmy produced at the Women's Club Theater. I met the family. And when Diane was here doing Tennessee Williams' remarkable play, The Garden District, I saw her again and a light had come into her face. And she did indicate something of the genius of the Barrymore background. And then she wasn't able to cope with disappointment and frustration and we find her trying to find a way, in abandonment, in disillusionment, in frustration until her body lay across the bed at thirty-eight, and it was over. She said in the last conversation with the last friend who was with her, a woman from Chicago, by the way, she said to her: "Nobody cared. I never spent a whole week with my mother. I never knew my father; nobody cared." And now the lights are out and the wine has turned to vinegar and what could have been a great life, a genius, is dead. She came to the valley of tears and there was no one to make it a place of springs. That is tragedy, that is unutterable tragedy. Now let us all put ourselves in communication with the higher power. Open every avenue—eyes, ears, heart, emotions, brains, intellect and make ourselves susceptible to that power.

BOOK CHATS

MARRIAGE, East and West, by David and Vera Mace, Doubleday & Co., Inc., $4.50. At a Manila Conference Asian Christians were brought together who were a part of a movement to help improve family relationships. They found plenty of enthusiasm but no trained leadership. The authors of this book had the training and were asked to undertake to carry out a training program for leaders in the East Asian churches. They lived a close community life with twenty Asians for three months at Chiengmai. The leaders came from eleven territories—Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Burma, Malaya, Ceylon, India and Pakistan. There were eleven men and nine women, all picked leaders, of graduate status, and professionally qualified.

"Our discussions with them were intellectually stimulating to the point of being exciting. We began to see old truths from completely new angles. With gentle persuasiveness they laid bare prejudices in us of which we had been unaware, and tenderly exposed stupid foibles we had never before recognized as such. They readily admitted that we were challenging them; but no more, we had to confess, than they were challenging us.

"It was a startling fact that in those three months in Chiengmai we lived closer to these Asians than we had ever done for a similar period with any Western group. We were deeply involved with them in a total experience of group living, and at the same time were personally involved with each of them in a counseling relationship. We have asked ourselves what would have

happened if we had gone through a similar experience with a Western group. We seriously wonder whether any Western group could have remained intact throughout such a test. Asians seem to have a greater capacity for involvement and interdependence than we have.

"Out of all these experiences there came an awareness that we must reevaluate our whole Western philosophy of marriage and family life. Seen through Eastern eyes, much that we had taken for granted showed grave deficiencies. At the same time many Eastern institutions took on new meaning and significance when viewed from the point of view of the Asian."

These authors have quoted or received help from nearly 100 different books and authors. There are thirteen pages of references, indicating authority for information and statements. There is a ten and a half page index, making it easy to look up any particular aspect of the subject.

Certainly it will prove interesting to learn the background for the customs of our brothers (and sisters) to the East. Certainly we will be better able to understand them and to appreciate their impressions and opinions of their Western "neighbors." Because we are becoming more like neighbors every day, with the lessening of distance between East and West, let us learn all we can about the backgrounds, the customs, the habits and the reasoning of the East.

Oft times our monthly magazines play up some one feature of life in the East, leaving a very meager picture of the whole. Here is a book where a broad look at the whole picture is given.

Our authors say: "This is a field so vast that no one could possibly possess all the qualifications necessary to speak authoritatively about it. We certainly make no claim to do so. But we have at least given the subject careful consideration and tried to learn what we could from four separate visits to Asia and the reading of about 90 books. This means that we know something more about it than the average reader does. We can lead such a reader by the hand and carry him a little further than he was when he started. We can raise in his mind some questions about marriage in the changing world of today—questions not remote and academic, but often very personal and deeply concerned with the future happiness of mankind. And we can indicate where he can turn for further knowledge if he desires it.

"We wish this book to be judged, therefore, not as a work of scholarship, but as an impressionistic picture painted on a very broad canvas. We believe such a picture is needed by many people who have neither time nor inclination to consult scholarly works. . . . Though we have striven to avoid errors . . . we cannot hope to have succeeded entirely. We do, however, believe that the picture we have given is on the whole a true one.

"We have not been concerned about reaching conclusions so much as with presenting the facts and discussing them. . . . Our study was therefore confined mainly to the three great civilizations of India, China and Japan, and the cultures outside of these countries that are essentially derived from them. . . . Their cultures, being of considerable age, have deeply influenced their own and each other's ways of living.

"In terms of Eastern religion and philosophy, our interest has been focused mainly on the Hindu, Buddhist and Confucian traditions."

Because both East and West are in a state of movement and change and

both have traditional marriage patterns from which they are moving away, the Maces decided to place side by side the very old and the very new.

They have portrayed the traditional marriage patterns of the three great civilizations in the East, the point of departure of the transition now in progress; and in the West they have portrayed as far as possible the results to date of the transitional process.

"The worship of ancestors seems to lie behind all the great patriarchial civilizations. There are traces of it in the Old Testament, showing that it was a feature of early Semitic family life. Undoubted evidences are found of it in the Hindu family. In China and Japan it has survived down to our own time."

Where there was enough land or wealth to sustain all, the extended family was the desired pattern—the patriarchial family. This meant, in theory, that the patriarch and his wife, all their sons and their wives, their grandsons and the wives of such as had them, and even their great-grandsons, would live together in one large community. This extended family might include, in addition to the family members, servants, apprentices, employees, lodgers, and visiting guests. The Lin family home in North China, where Nora Waln lived, vividly described by her in *The House of Exile,* contained a total of 83 persons. The family resources were owned in common. All contributed what they had to give, in skill, labor and service. "All for each and each for all." The one who exercised authority was the patriarch. He might be a tyrant. Also he might be benign and kindly and often was. Rulers in every sphere of life vary a good deal. An old Chinese maxim states, "As the Emperor should have a father's love for his people, so a father should have a sovereign's power over the family."

Especially in Japan the prestige of the patriarch was emphasized in various ways. The family head does not do with his hands even trifling things—is prohibited from doing such things because it is thought to compromise his authority. He must be served in everything by his wife, children or others subject to his patriarchial power. He might get his wife or servant to hand him anything that is right under his nose. The family head must be better fed and not eat the same things as other members of his family. A father's position is majestic and supreme. The patriarchial system creates within the whole family group a complex balance of dominance and submission, authority and obedience. This is seen particularly at three levels—the authority of the in-laws over the junior couple; the authority of the husband over the wife; the authority of the parent over the child. The guiding principles usually were that a junior is subservient to a senior and a woman subservient to a man. The old Chinese penal code allowed a senior relative to hit a junior relative as hard as he liked, without risk of penalty as long as he did not draw blood. Each one in the group knows his place and accepts it. The security that the patriarchial family offers is therefore purchased at a price—the severe limitation of individual aspiration. The age-old philosophy of the East, embodied in its religions, does not encourage ambition or rebellion, but inculcates resignation and acceptance.

As the family goes, so goes the community. Society in the East was based on the same kinds of heirarchical systems as in the patriarchial family group. In Japan, the whole nation was conceived of as one large family, the Emperor being the Arch-Patriarch,

with complete filial obedience due from all. The social system kept individuals in their appointed stations, vigorously discouraging any movement up or down in the scale. The most rigid of all was the caste system of India.

This extended family has been the theoretical ideal in the East and its principles the basis of the teaching of the lawmakers and sages—of Confucius and many others, and has deeply affected the life and thought of nearly all East Asians. But the idea that all Eastern people live, or have lived, in such families is quite mistaken. Most of them were found in the wealthy aristocratic class. One of the great obstacles to it was poverty.

In spite of the system where the family assumes the duty of finding wives for its sons, and husbands for its daughters, and the couple themselves have little choice in the arrangement, there is no evidence to prove that this system has led to more conflict in marriage than any other method of bringing husband and wife together. The East has had its share of truly happy marriages.

June Bradley, who teaches at Hawthorne public school has told me that the most well-behaved, the most thorough in their work, the most co-operative personalities in her room are the Japanese students.

According to the Juvenile Court statistics, there are no juvenile delinquents in the City of Chicago among the Japanese or Chinese. Perhaps our parents should read very carefully and thoughtfully this account written by David and Vera Mace—*Marriage East and West,* published by Doubleday.

This is a very full book. I have given merely an introduction to it in the space allotted. Read these chapter titles: The Reign of the Patriarch—Change of Model in the West—What is a Woman Worth?—Sex in the Orient—Romance is Too Dangerous—Who Picks Your Partner?—Getting Married, Eastern Style—Child Wives of India — Who Keeps Concubines? — Married Life and Married Love—The Widow's Fiery Sacrifice—Above All, Give Us Children! — The Future of Marriage—and an Appendix, Marriage in Communist China.

The chapter on The Future of Marriage is an extremely interesting chapter. It deals with the changes that are now taking place in the East which are similar in many ways to those that have already occurred in the West; changes mainly because Asians are having to adapt themselves to the changing circumstances the West has already experienced. The gulf between East and West is being bridged.

A Chinese woman writer summed up the situation for her country: "In not much more than half a century, women in China have passed through a series of changes that it took European women five hundred years to bring about. . . . The question uppermost in the minds of thinking women in China today is how they can become equipped to be abreast of their Occidental sisters in this new era, to share equal rights and responsibilities with men, and to relieve the miseries of huge masses of rural women."

In a similar vein a Japanese woman writes:

"Deepest gratitude is due the Occupation from all Japanese women for giving them complete legal equality with their men, and showing Japanese men good manners toward women. It would have taken ages of hard battling if Japanese women had had to fight for these rights themselves."

In this chapter also, how women may maintain freedom and yet retain their femininity is discussed, as well as

youth's emancipation; the results of our Western marriage system, with half of all American divorces involving those who married before their twentieth year; a comparison of four patterns for mate selection; and a general analysis of marriage.

Marriage, East and West is a valuable contribution and well worth our serious consideration.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

TODAY is Tuesday, and on Sunday last I heard a speaker talk on some of the lost arts: the art of being an individual—the art of living—the art of thinking—the art of friendship—the art of religion. He was speaking to The Sunday Arts Club, a club featuring painting, sculpture, literature, music, and the drama. He was reminding us that there was an art to all these other facets of living. The speaker was Mr. Jim Kurtz, editor of "Opinion" Magazine, a former minister and advertising man. Perhaps this very interesting and entertaining address may have inspired me to assert my individualism in the way I feel inclined to do today.

One further incentive may be the fact that ever since last Saturday afternoon I have been somewhat like a teakettle, whose cover is going plop-plop-plop, because of so much steam underneath the cover. In the case of the real teakettle one can turn off the fire, take off the cover, and so forth. My cover does not come off, and the fire hasn't yet died down, so the steam continues to rise from the kettle, which is me.

Now I have always contended that the person who does the most talking about a subject is quite often the one who knows the least about it. That is going to be quite true in this case. But Mr. Kurtz's talk made me feel that it might be a virtue to be an individualist, and not conform on all issues.

The fire under this teakettle was brought about by my visiting our beautiful Art Institute which houses priceless treasures of the finest art of mankind. The time and the condition of my feet would not permit an extensive tour, so I concentrated on the exhibit by the contemporary Chicago painters.

Two summers ago I spent a few weeks at a nearby art colony. A teacher there was launching into a tirade at dinner that first evening against the Art Institute because they would not give Chicago painters an opportunity to exhibit. He had unkind things to say regarding our lack of culture, etc. Well, we now have a Chicago exhibit, and if that is any evidence of our growth in culture then this kettle will continue to boil.

Because my feet became tired I sat for awhile in one of the rooms. I found myself in front of a vast canvas somewhat like a poorly made cross-word puzzle in pastel coloring. I felt frustrated, thrown back on myself and was sorry I must continue to sit there with nothing to inspire me, because my feet hurt. I couldn't go on into some room where beauty dwelt. I then and

there felt that a revolution was coming into being in my soul.

An artist had said to me on a previous occasion, "One can enjoy with the emotions" and "one can enjoy or appreciate with the intelligence." Facing this canvas I could not enjoy with either one. Had I been more intelligent in art could I have enjoyed it? I don't know. However, there is no use, it seems to me, in exhibiting to the public in general a problem in Euclid. The general public would not understand Euclid. Only a few of those enlightened on the subject. If this art must be enjoyed intellectually, then let it be displayed in locked studios where only the highly enlightened artist or artist student is admitted. To my unintellectual soul, it is not a display of beauty, and art should be beautiful, whether it depicts squalor or grandeur or culture, or whatever. The scene of squalor may be so beautifully executed that it will cause the beholder to despise the squalor, but to realize also how exquisitely the work has been done. Color alone may be beautiful, but why exhibit a square block of one color on another square or rectangular block of another color, for the public's benefit, just because one is a cool color and the other a warm one. Why not put the contrast of warm and cool tones into a work of beauty? What I feel is that it is as though kindergarten work were being displayed. That all this belongs back in the studio where beginnings are undertaken. If the artists are experimenting, let them experiment in the studio and when something beautiful has been accomplished, then let it be shown to the public: "See, this is the result of all our work and experimentation."

In my humble opinion, if I as a student looked upon all this as something to be admired in art, then I would be the most discouraged, frustrated and disappointed youngster in the world. How any young person who has this held up to them can be encouraged to enter the art field I do not understand.

I sat there with a feeling of embarrassment and of great sensitiveness as I thought of anyone from a foreign land looking at this exhibit and thinking of it as a sample of what was in the American heart and soul—even their intelligence!

I went on a tour of an art gallery in Mexico, and there, too, in the Palacio de Bellas Artes I did see a few very modern types of art. However, in the exhibit of contemporary artists, I saw only works of beauty. These were exhibited in the library at the end of Parque Alameda.

I wish we might have in our largest parks a small library, over which there would be a gallery for such exhibits. Why not exhibit art and books, as well as animals, in our parks? On a working-man's weekend (and I include all of us who work eight hours a day and five days a week) the whole family could have an outing in the park and some members could take time to visit the library or the exhibit, while the others were resting. It is not possible to take the whole family, including small children, to the loop and trot them through the halls of the Art Institute, but little excursions could be taken by one and another of the family while all were enjoying the park. However, I would not wish to see in those park exhibits any of these "crossword puzzle" pieces. This particular exhibit in the park in Mexico City was shown for the benefit of contemporary artists, that their work might be seen and bought. It was being bought. An attendant was there to receive orders. Had I not been at the end of my vaca-

tion fund, I would have bought a very lovely one myself. Seven years ago, when in Switzerland, I gave up the idea of buying a coat in London, and purchased a beautiful painting in Switzerland instead. The coat would have been worn out and discarded by now, but the painting will stay with me as long as I live, I hope.

Well, as you can see, I have now become quite calm. The fire has died down, the steam is exhausted, the agitated waters have subsided, and we will now open the Mail Bag.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am just beginning to somewhat "pull out" of the avalanche of telegrams, messages, etc., with which I have been inundated since last Sunday. I do however, want you to know of my deep gratitude for your coming out, personally, to greet me on the occasion of my 45th anniversary.

Your visit was not only a surprise but a most welcome one. May I tell you that I cherish your friendship which reaches back into the days of my association with Dr. Hirsch. I well recall how enthusiastically he spoke of you as one of those who was carrying on the torch of liberalism. He had faith in you, speaking frequently of your courage and fine insight into our contemporary problems.

I feel proud not only to know you but to call you "friend."

With cordial greetings, I am
Heartily yours,
Sam.

The above letter is from Rabbi Samuel D. Schwartz, Executive Director of Chicago Sinai Congregation at 5350 South Shore Drive, and refers to Rabbi Schwartz' 45th anniversary.

* * *

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Now that the holiday festivities are over and we are getting back to normal, I wish to tell you that your DIAL A PRAYER is most interesting and I thank you for sending me a copy. I am also interested to know that your church services are to be on TV and I shall try to be near my RCA to watch. It should be like being one in your vast audience, and there is nothing I'd like more.

It is wonderful to know that the Peoples Church is growing so fast, and as I read of all your activities I wonder just how one man can cover so much territory. I certainly admire you and your wonderful work.

Here is hoping 1960 will be good to you and yours and that your splendid work will be appreciated by all those who have the happy privilege of participating. The many years I attended your services will always be counted as some of the very best of my life.

Louise L. Tracy,
Long Beach, California.

* * *

From Phil Schmidt and Son, of Whiting, Indiana, came this message, signed by Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Schmidt:

Dear Dr. Preston Bradley:

Enjoyed so much hearing your grand voice and pleasing message over the phone one day last week when one of our girls told me to call Delaware 7-1200—Lain Funeral Homes, sponsoring Dr. Preston Bradley. Just had to take time out to tell you. Appreciated being able to hear you.

* * *

From Washington, Indiana,

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Wishes for your continued glowing

good health go with the enclosed contribution to radio.

My daughter and I listen to your magnificent sermons and prayers with the same deep stirring emotions that great acting and beautiful music give —tears, laughter, comfort, inspiration and, sometimes, chills up and down the spine.

We marvel, too, how you keep up your powerful up-to-the-minute commentaries on the big problems of the world, considering the incredibly heavy schedule you carry through the week.

With profound gratitude to you for glorifying radio—we send you our warmest wishes for the New Year.

Sincerely yours,

Ethel S. Hyatt and Emily Hyatt.

* * *

The next letter is a good sermon on "Courage" for any weak or discouraged one to read.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Maybe I should introduce myself first. I am one of the many listeners every Sunday when you broadcast the services of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Since I am a post-polio case, being paralyzed just about everywhere except my left hand, with which I'm typing, and my neck, you can see that it is difficult for my family and friends to take me to church, so I remain very content and appreciative that I'm able to be a part of your services. This August I will have been paralyzed seven years. I've been fortunate that I get around as much as I do. You know as well as I, that there are many people like me who tune you in on Sunday.

You mentioned one Sunday that you have the whole sermon tape-recorded and that gave me an idea. My cousin had a recorder which she let me use, so I have parts of the service recorded; by parts I mean that I have a 45-minute tape so all the service isn't recorded. I've kept the sermon which you gave on "Peace of Mind," but on the other side of the tape I tape week by week.

My Grandmother who is 84, is my constant companion every Sunday, except when she goes to church. You might want to know my age—it's 23. Thoughts keep coming to me, so that's one reason my letter is so unorganized.

One of these Sundays, providing the weather co-operates, I hope to come to Chicago and the service of the church. Maybe I'll get to meet you at the coffee hour afterwards. I hope so at least.

I attend Millikin University here at home, but am limited in what I can take since I can't write. This is the fourth year in attendance, taking two courses a semester. The first three years I have 33 credit hours.

Guess this is just a bit of rambling on, so best I stop. Thought I would write because the last two year's I've listened and I want to express my deep appreciation that I'm able to listen in.

I know you're very busy, but if Rev. Kraft or Mrs. Bradley might have time to write a post card so I would know my letter got there, I would appreciate it.

Faithfully yours,

Tom Taylor,
98 North Country Club Road,
Decatur, Illinois.

What a courageous, brave and ambitious gentleman. It is an inspiration just to read his letter.

* * *

So many of our members will remember Howard Wentz, formerly of our choir and now an ordained minister living in sunny California. This message came at the holiday season:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a little note to wish you and June the very best at this Christmas season. I hope that God will protect you and yours for many, many more years to come. This is the time of year when one feels the warmth and friendliness of those who are away, and my heart is filled with adoration and praise for the many friends that I have close to my heart. One cannot let this season go by without letting friends know that they are being thought of at this particular time. Please remember me to all of my friends at the church, and may the friendship of this Yuletide season always be the kind of friendship that will never grow stale. God bless you both always.

Howard.

* * *

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OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services are carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season. This is the second season in which Magikist Services have thus supported the work of our church.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services are thus extending to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

2—Cut five records at WCFL.
3—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WLS, WCFL, WSEL.
4—Two funerals.
Worked in Study.
6—Worked in Study.
7—Opened January series of lectures, Chicago Public Library.
Address. Annual Dinner, Ryder Community Center, Louis XVI Room, Sherman Hotel.
8—Worked in Study all day.
10—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Evening service, Peoples Church "Alcoholics Anonymous."
Broadcasts, WCFL, WLS.
11—Funeral.
Conference. Uptown Bank.
12—Address. Central Lions Club. Bal Tabarin Room, Hotel Sherman.
85th Birthday of Melvin Jones.
Conference re Unitarian Fund.
13—Funeral.
Address. Lincoln Park B'nai Brith, Belmont Hotel.
14—Funeral.
Address. Chicago Public Library.
15—Founders' Dinner, Izaak Walton League of America.
16—Two Weddings.
17—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts WLS, WCFL.
19—Address. Central Lions Club. Bismarck Hotel.
Conference, Unitarian Fund.
20—Funeral.
Address. Park View Home for the Aged.
21—Address. Memorial Hall, Chicago Public Library.
Address. Annual Award Dinner, Junior Assn. of Commerce, Danville, Illinois.
22—Panel Discussion, WBKB-TV.
23—Two Weddings.
Funeral.
24—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WLS, WCFL.
25—Two funerals.
26—35th Anniversary Address, Fenton Chapter, IWLA, Fenton, Michigan
27—Funeral.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
28—Two funerals.
Lecture, Chicago Public Library.
Address. Mather Home, Evanston.
29—Wedding.
Cut four 15-minute records, WCFL.
Address. Annual Banquet, Friendship Baptist Church, Palmer House.
30—Worked in Study.
31—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts WLS, WCFL.

WEDDINGS

16—Virginia Mathewson and Carleton Ward
Betty Nelson and Robert Groomes
23—Rose Busija and Nicholas Buck
Theta M. Gandy and Joseph E. Frances
29—Kay Ireland and Raymond H. Momsen

FUNERALS

4—Miss Alice Hegland
Mr. Fred Howard Rood
11—Fred Noelck
13—Mrs. Clara E. Knorr
14—John Schommer
20—Ferdinand Peck, Jr.
23—Mrs. Christine Topp
25—Mrs. Gertrude Williams
Mr. Herbert A. Peiper
27—Mrs. Carrie Bauer
28—Mrs. Mitzi Zesch
Mrs. Martha Jane Lange

CHRISTENINGS

10—(Adult) Evelyn Burdick Sont, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Burdick

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall ..... 9:30 a.m.

Pre-school children ..... 10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for adults, Anderson Hall ..... 10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

The Quest Group (married or single, 18 to 30 yrs.) Meet every Sunday evening in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) Sunday, March 6; Andrew Hoigard, of Third Unitarian Church, will present "The Story of Jazz." A tape recorded program on the evolution of Jazz ..... 5:00 p.m.

Sunday, March 20, Dinner party for members and friends. A film, "Broad Lands and Narrow Waters" will be shown. Phone reservations ..... 5:00 p.m.

Tuesday, March 1st: Lecture and demonstration of mosaics by Mr. Charles Price, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Tuesday, March 15, Fashion Show, Mrs. Wyllys Hagen, Chairman, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: "A Trip to Europe" with colored slides, by Miss Lucile Keve, of Chicago Color Camera Club, Anderson Hall, Sunday, March 13 ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club: Tuesday, March 22nd, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

Every Sunday

WLS, Broadcast of entire morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WEBH-FM-93.9, Broadcast of entire evening service ..... 7:00 p.m.

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OUR CHURCH NEEDS NO MONEY!!!

We have discovered a way for a church to function without money. Will you cooperate?

Each member will come to the services warmly enough dressed to eliminate any necessity for heating the building. This will dispose of the winter heating bill.

Each member will take his turn playing the organ. Then no organist or music director will be needed—that is, if each one in turn will direct the choir and arrange rehearsals.

Each member will come to church with broom and dust mop to keep his part of the building presentable. Then a paid janitor will not be necessary.

Those who wish to use water will bring their own bottle. Each member will bring materials and tools to build and repair the building. Here we can really save money.

Each member will spend some time working in the church office. If one desires a copy of the church bulletin or the order of service, he will bring his own supplies for printing them. This will eliminate the expense of printing.

Each member will take his turn preaching, leading the service, conducting the funerals, performing marriages, calling on members and prospects, visiting the sick, and guiding the administration of the church. This will save the expense of a pastor.

Thus we can be known as "the church which needs no money." What a spectacle it will make as the men, women, boys and girls, bundled up head and foot, walk dutifully to church carrying water bottles, brooms, dust mops, sheet music, sermon manuscripts, hammers and saw, candles and other such baggage!

Isn't this a great idea? A new day is dawning for "the church that needs no money." Would you really want it this way?

If not, give God regularly a part of your income, and the church can operate in the proper manner. But actually your church needs no money! YOU are the one who uses the heat, light, water, and music! YOU are the one who makes use of the pastor, the church staff, and the janitor, as you sit in your spot, comfortable and happy. So, which will it be? The weekly candles and mops, or the weekly envelope containing YOUR offering?

—Anonymous